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The Doctor

He's a Time Lord from the planet Gallifrey. He's over 900 years old. If there's danger, he's the man who's going to save your life—and everyone on your planet. Got a problem with that?



The TARDIS

The Doctor's dimensionally transcendental time/space machine, cunningly disguised as a police public call box. The trip of a lifetime is guaranteed with every journey!

THE STORY SO FAR...

After traveling to 1920s Hollywood to investigate a static point in time and space, the Doctor has been arrested by the Shadow Proclamation and put on trial for altering Earth's future—again.

Doctor Who #4 • Fugitive Part 2 of 4



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Written by >> **Tony Lee**

Art by >> **Matthew Dow Smith**

Colors by >> **Charlie Kirchoff**

Letters by >> **Robbie Robbins**

Edits by >> **Denton J. Tipton**



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GRAARRGH!
KILL DOC-TOR!

A LITTLE
->GACK-<
HELP HERE—

—PLEASE?







BRARSHAK'S A SENSITIVE OGRON. YOU NEVER CONSIDERED THAT, DID YOU?

YOU NEVER CONSIDER YOUR ACTIONS, DO YOU?

WHY DO I FEEL LIKE I'VE COME INTO A BOOK HALF WAY THROUGH IT?



ONCE, THE OGRONS WERE THE MOST FEARED ENFORCERS IN THE STELLIAN GALAXY. EVEN THE DALEKS HIRED THEM.

UNTIL YOU BEAT THEM. AN OLD MAN WITH WHITE HAIR. DO YOU KNOW WHAT KIND OF PUBLIC RELATIONS DISASTER THAT CAN BE?



THEIR REPUTATION WAS DESTROYED, AND THEIR CONTRACTS STARTED TO DRY UP.

THEY WERE CONSTANTLY UNDERCUT BY THEIR MAIN MERCENARY RIVALS—THE JUDOON.

BECAUSE OF YOU, DOCTOR, THE OGRONS ARE AT THE BRINK OF PLANET-WIDE ECONOMIC RECESSION.



WE'RE DIPLOMATS, DOCTOR. WE'RE NOT WARRIORS.

WELL, EXCEPT FOR STOMM—BUT THEN HE'D STILL BE A WARRIOR IF HE WAS SIMPLY A COOK.

THERE HAS BEEN FIERCE WAR ACROSS THE STELLIAN GALAXY SINCE THE TIME WAR LEFT A POWER VACUUM...



...BUT NOW COOLER HEADS THINK THAT A NEW CEASE FIRE MUST BE MADE...

...AND AS SUCH HAVE ORGANISED A SECRET MEETING ON LUNA IV TO ARRANGE A TRUCE. ONE THAT WE WERE ALL TO ATTEND.



RUMBLE

AND IT LOOKS
LIKE WE'RE ON
OUR WAY!



WE NEED TO FIND
A WAY OUT OF HERE.
THEY TOOK MY SONIC
SCREWDRIVER...

...AND ANNOYINGLY,
MY CLOCKWORK
MOUSE. I COULD HAVE
USED THAT RIGHT
NOW...

...SO WE'LL HAVE
TO GET THEM TO
COME HERE.

AND THEN
WHAT? OVERPOWER
A SHIP FULL OF
JUDOON? THIS IS
INSANITY!



WHY? YOU'VE
ALREADY STATED THAT
THE OGRONS ARE THEIR
EQUAL. "BRARSHAK
SMASH," RIGHT?

AND LET'S
FACE IT: THE
SONTARANS JUST
LOVE A GOOD
FIGHT.

THE ONLY PROBLEM
IS GETTING PAST THE
GUARD OUTSIDE—AND
LUCKILY WE HAVE SOME
HELP ON THAT—



—A SHEET OF
SUGGESTIBILITY
PAPER. THAT'S THE
PROBLEM WITH JUDOON,
THEY ALWAYS EXAMINE
THE SHOES...

...BUT NEVER
WHAT'S IN YOUR
SOCKS!







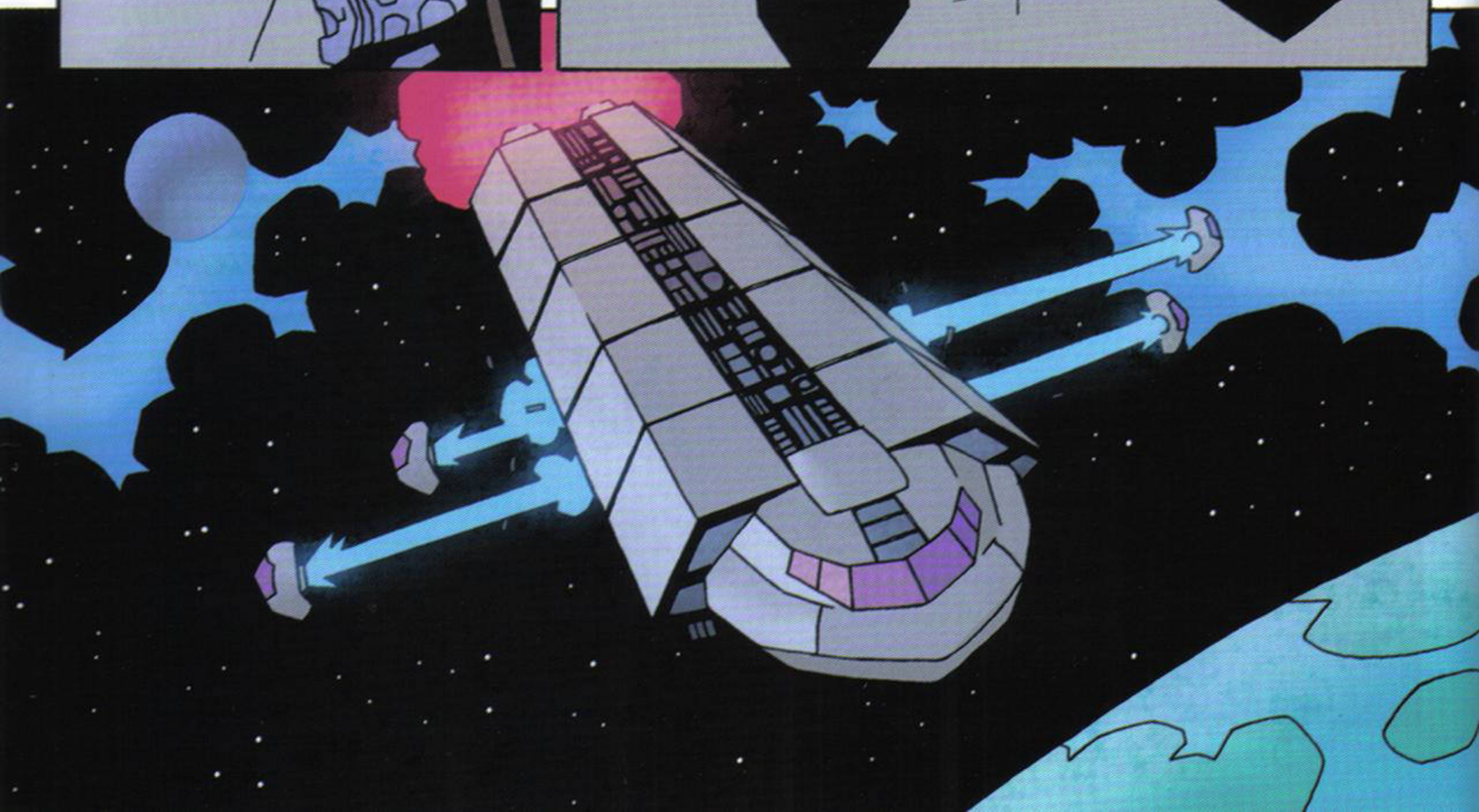
PRISON BARGE CORRIDOR.

RIGHT. ALL WE NEED
TO DO IS GET THROUGH
THAT DOOR, OVERPOWER
THE GUARDS—AND THE
PILOTS, OF COURSE—

—TIE THEM ALL
UP, AND THEN FLY THE
BARGE TO LUNA IV.
EASY PEASY.

LOOK!
JUDOON
LEAVE!

HE'S RIGHT, YOU
KNOW, THEY'RE GETTING
INTO THE ESCAPE
PODS!









PRISON
BARGE 29-Z!
WHAT IS YOUR
STATUS?

WHY AREN'T
THEY DEAD
YET?



MISTER FINCH!
WHAT A SURPRISE TO SEE
YOU ON THE TELLY! IS THIS
A REALITY SHOW? I DO
LOVE A GOOD REALITY
SHOW!

DO YOU MIND IF I
CALL YOU "FINCH"?
THOUGHT NOT!

DOCTOR,
HOW UTTERLY
IRRITATING TO
SEE YOU.

I ASSUME
YOU'VE TAKEN OVER
THE SHIP IN SOME
VALIANT ATTEMPT
TO ESCAPE?



WELL, I DID
HAVE HELP
THIS TIME.

LOVELY.

LAUNCH EVERY
GUNSHIP YOU HAVE.
THE PRISONERS ARE
ATTEMPTING A REVOLT.
LETHAL RESPONSE
IS ALLOWED.



LETHAL
RESPONSE? THAT
SOUNDS LIKE A BIT OF
AN OVERREACTION,
YOU KNOW?

LITTLE BOYS
PLAYING WITH BIG
TOYS AND ALL
THAT.

NOW LOOK
HERE,
DOCTOR—



SORRY, MUST
DASH—UNIVERSE
TO SAVE AND ALL
THAT.

SKKRRTT

I HATE
THAT MAN.

PLEASE,
SOMEONE KILL
HIM FOR ME.



WE'RE STILL
LOCKED ON COURSE
FOR THAT SUN,
DOCTOR.

HOW DO
WE STOP
THAT?

WELL, I'M REALLY
HOPING IT WASN'T
ONE OF THE BUTTONS
HERE THAT STOMM
MASHED UP.

BUT WE
SHOULD BE ABLE
TO—NO, LET'S
TRY—NO...



...THERE HAS
TO BE A WAY TO
HOT-WIRE THESE
THINGS!

IF I HAD MY
SCREWDRIVER,
I'D BE OKAY—



TAA-DAHH!

FZZZZ

YEOW!
THAT HURT!

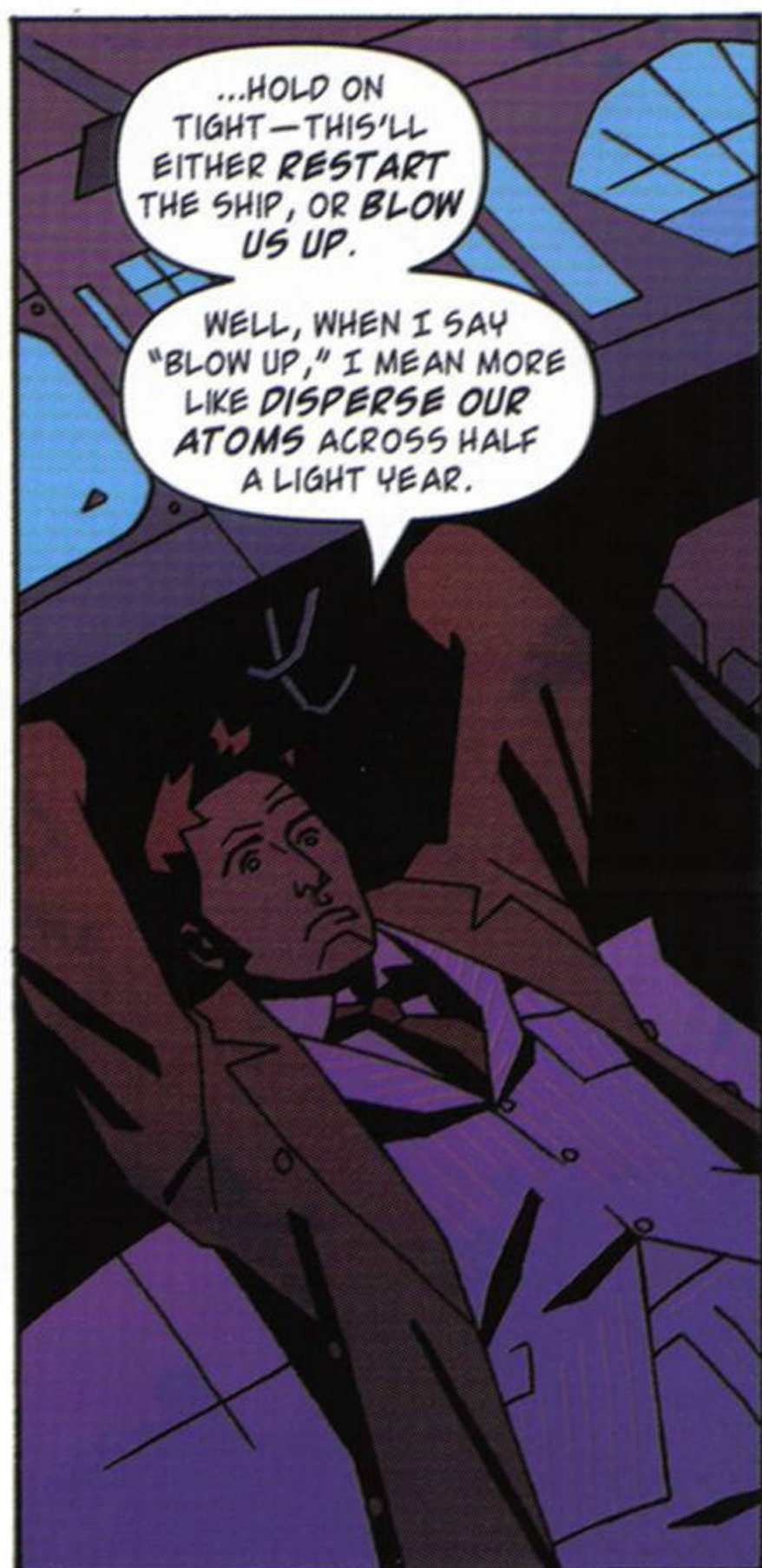


ALL OF THE
SHIP'S POWER
IS OUT!

DOCTOR!
WHAT DID YOU
DO?!

WHAT ELSE DO YOU
DO WHEN THE COMPUTER
DOESN'T WORK? PULL
THE PLUG AND START
A REBOOT!

NOW, IF I CAN
JUST REMEMBER
WHICH GOES
WHERE...



...HOLD ON
TIGHT—THIS'LL
EITHER RESTART
THE SHIP, OR BLOW
US UP.

WELL, WHEN I SAY
"BLOW UP," I MEAN MORE
LIKE DISPERSE OUR
ATOMS ACROSS HALF
A LIGHT YEAR.



IT WORKED?

IT WORKED!

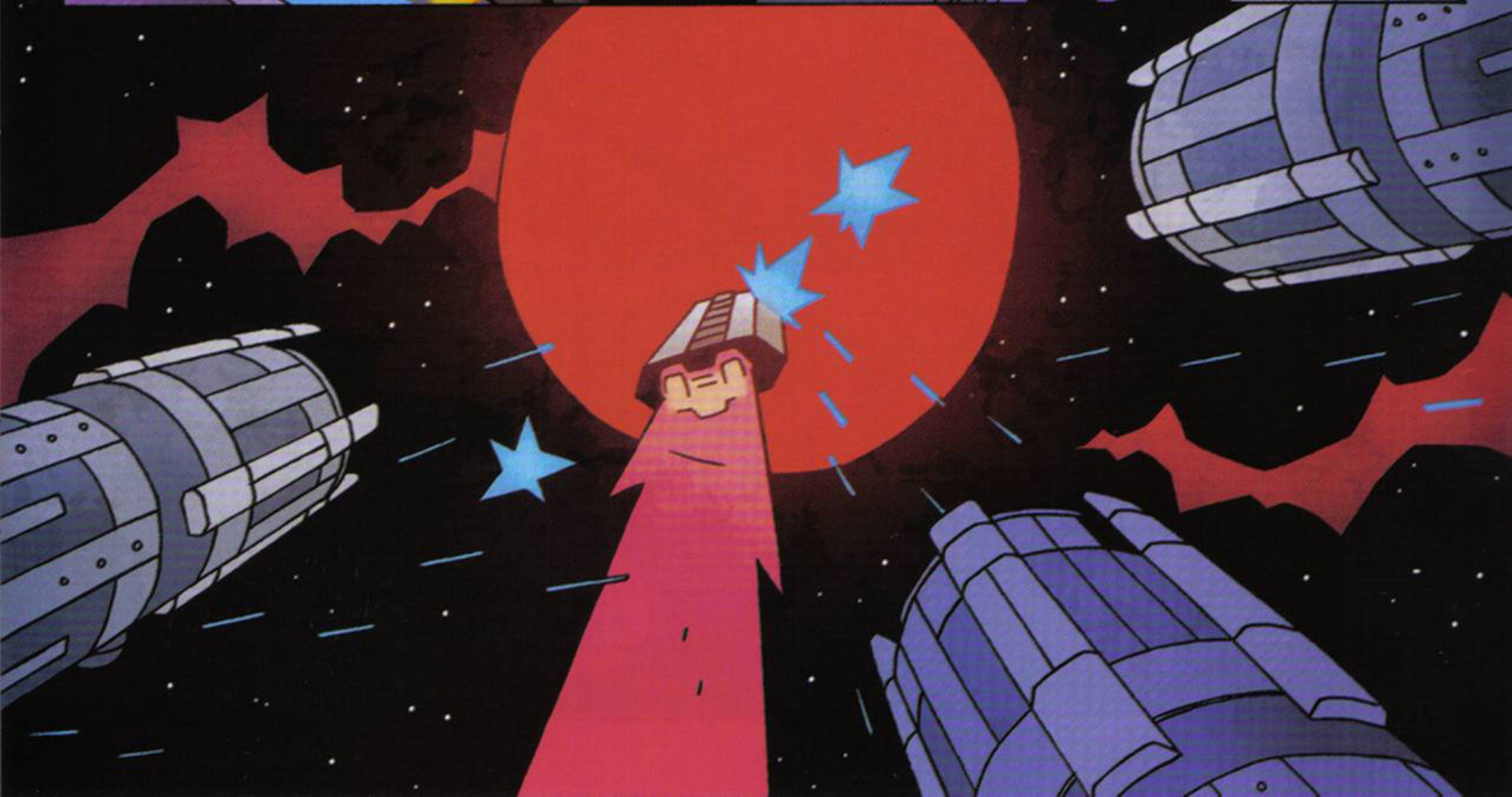


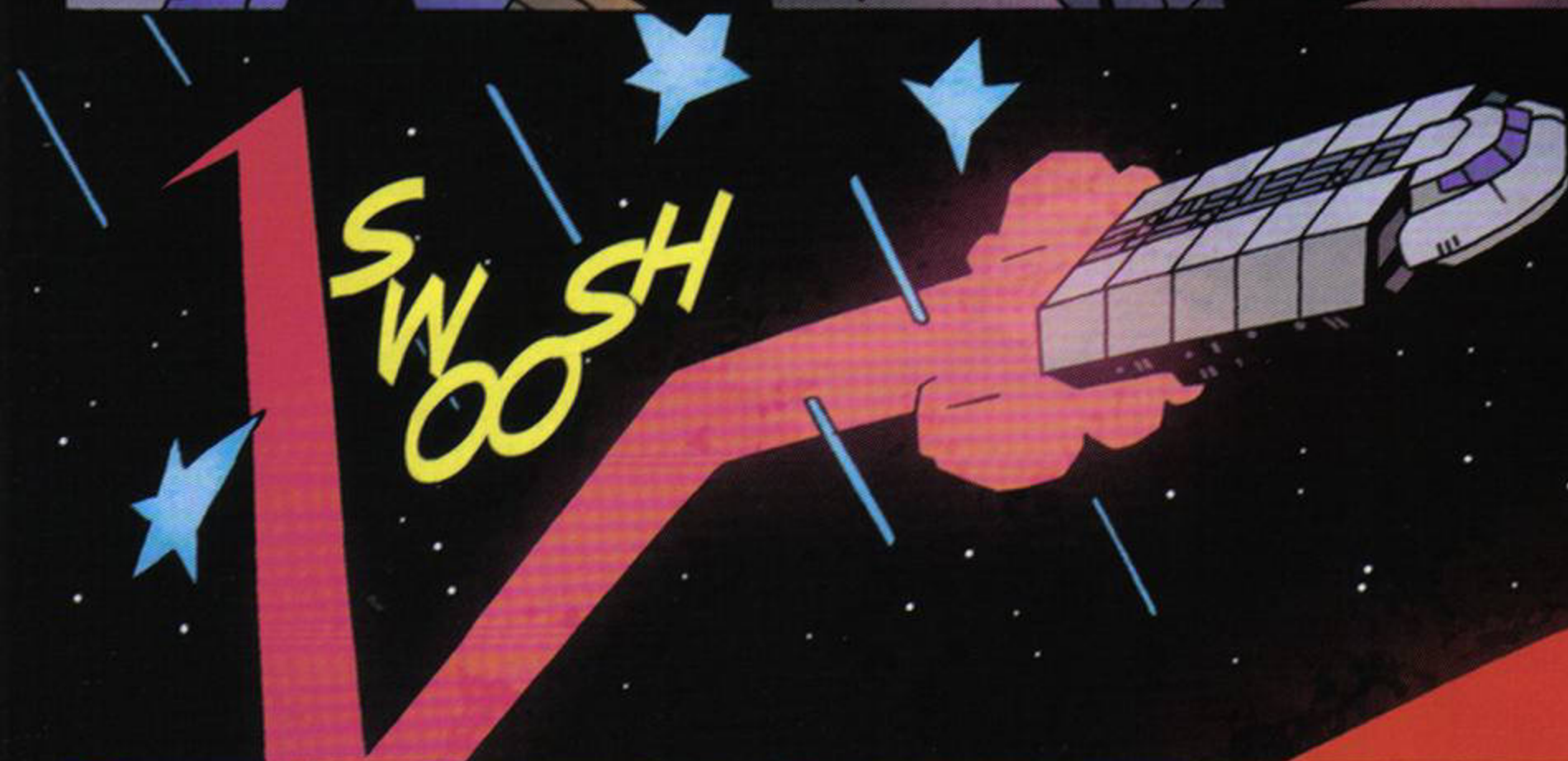
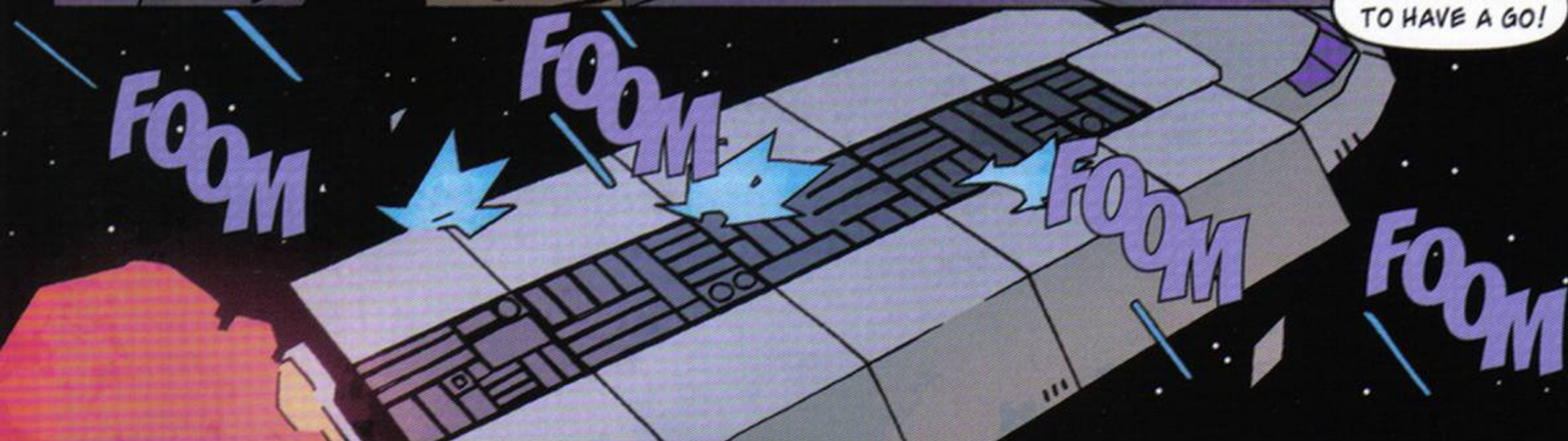
AUTOPILOT NOW
DISABLED, WE'RE
FREE TO CHANGE
DIRECTION!



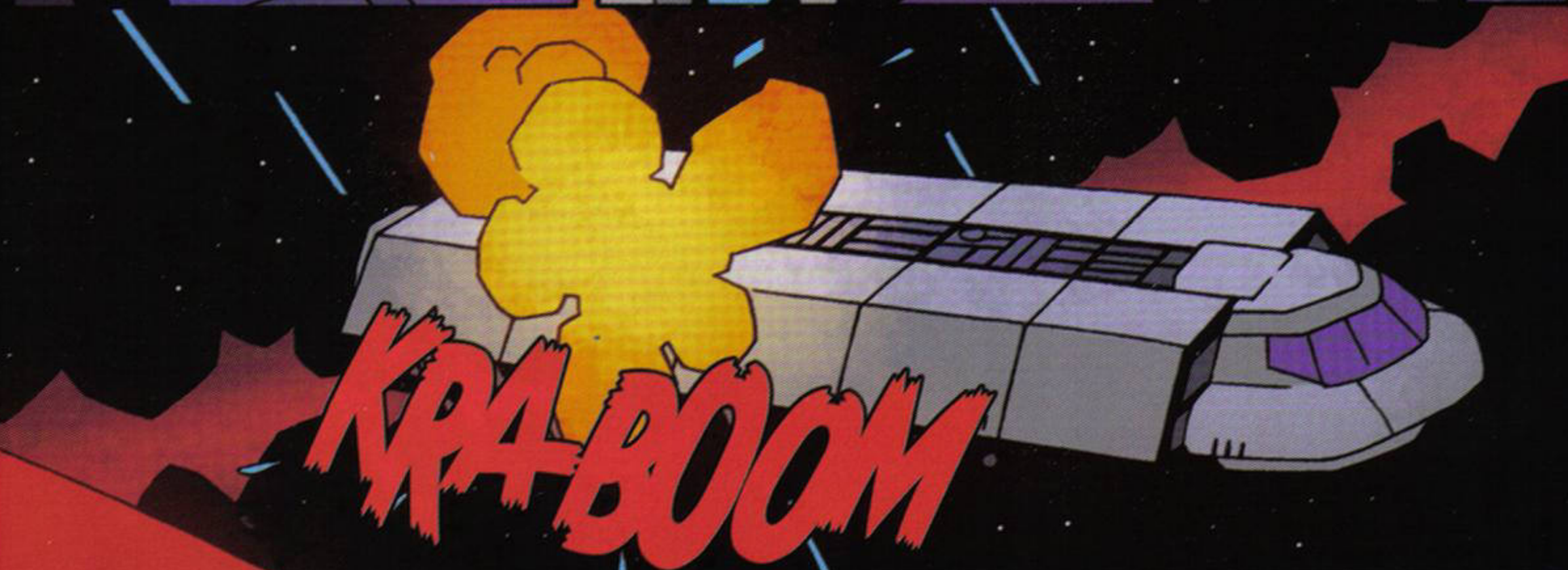
THAT WASN'T
ME! SOMEONE'S
SHOOTING AT
US!

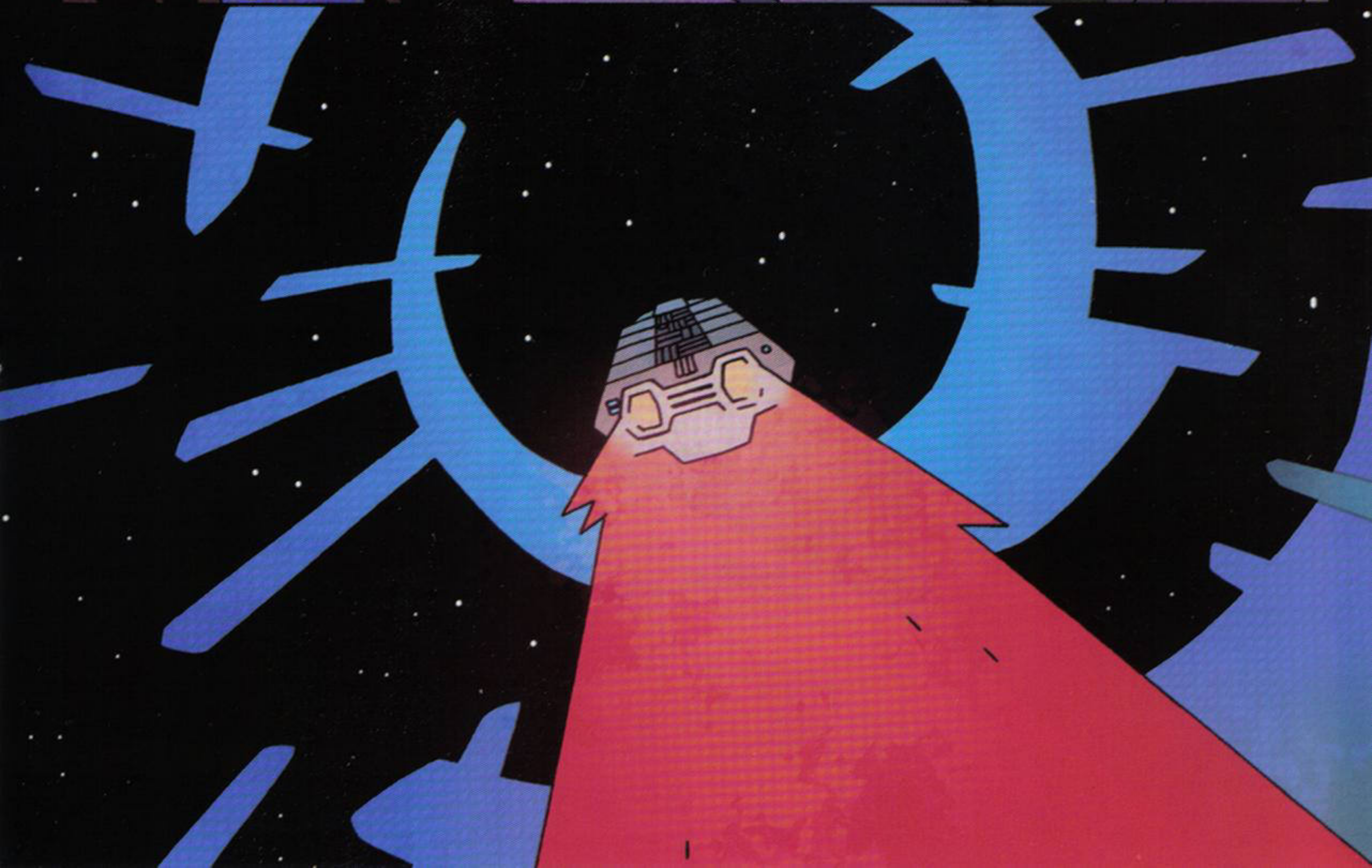
GET US OUT
OF HERE!





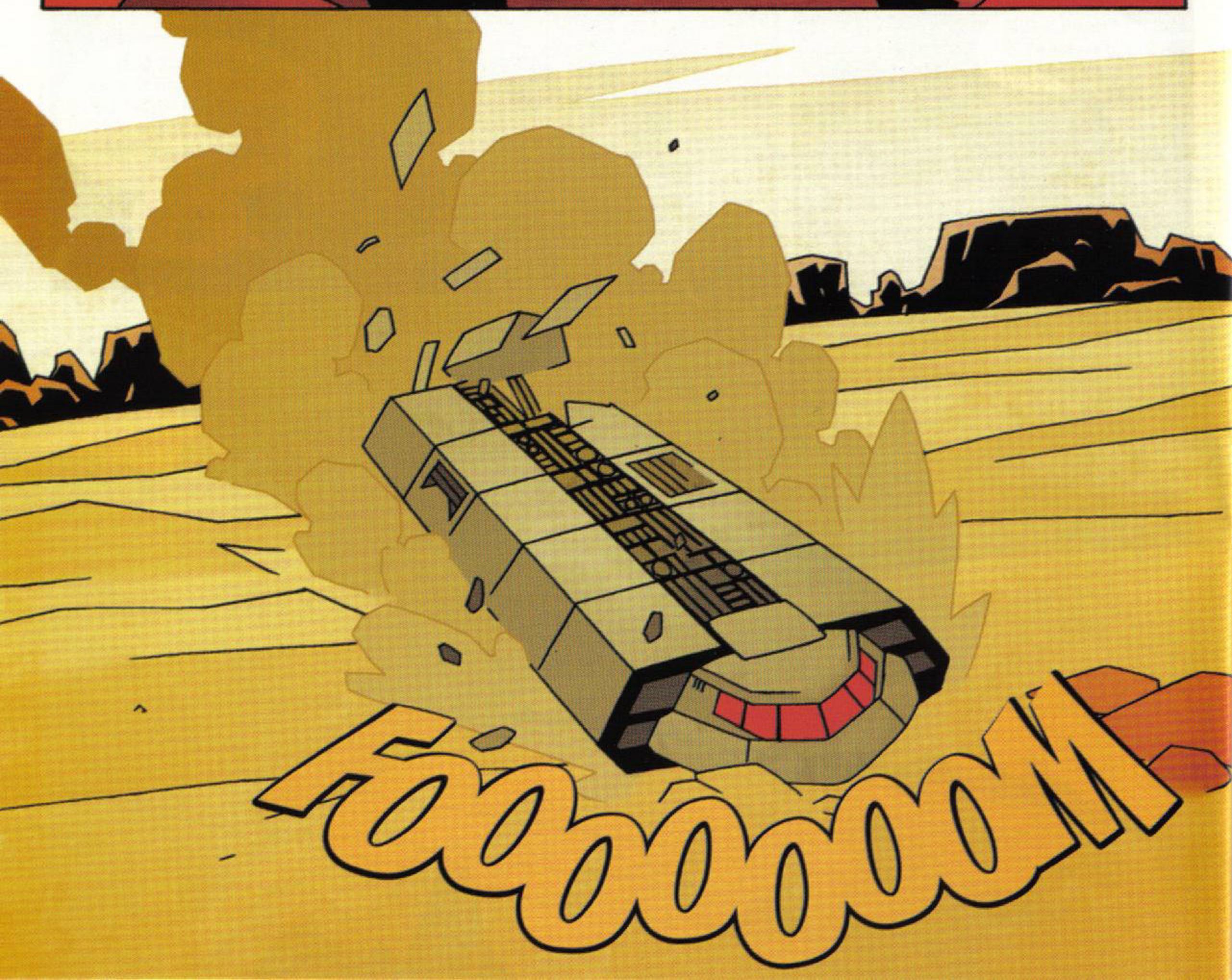
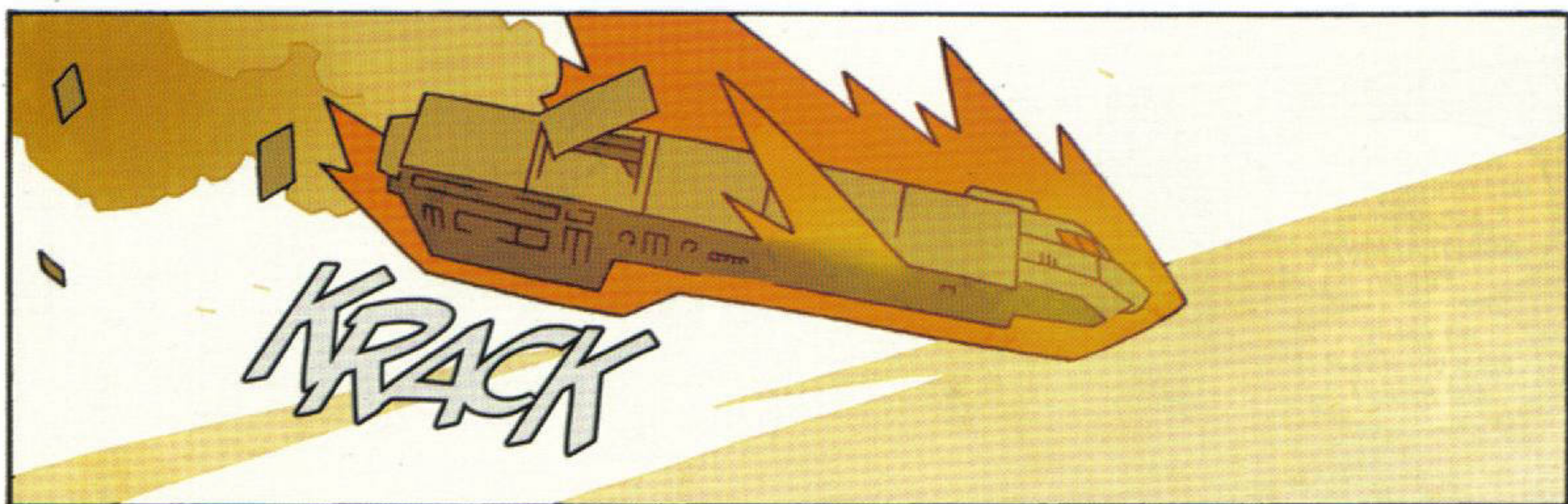


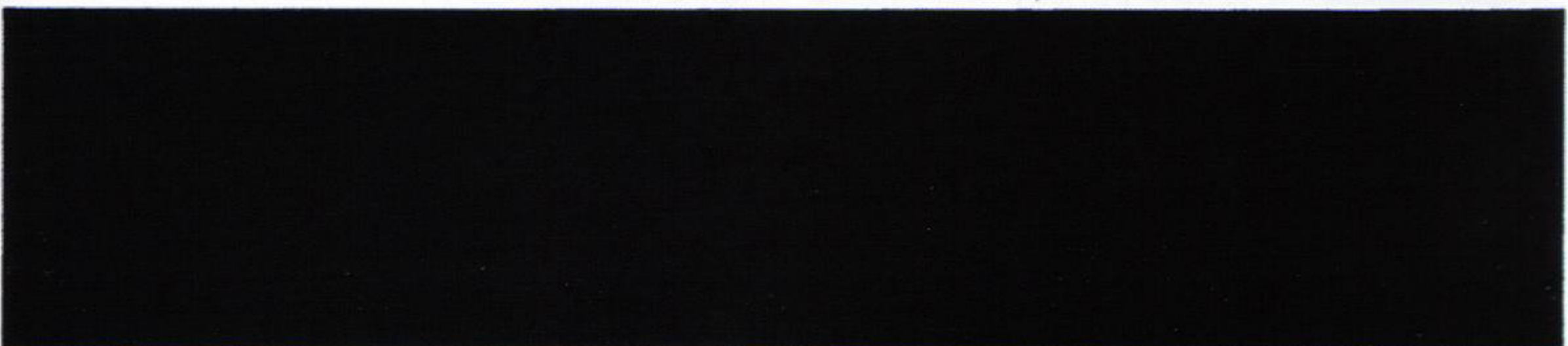
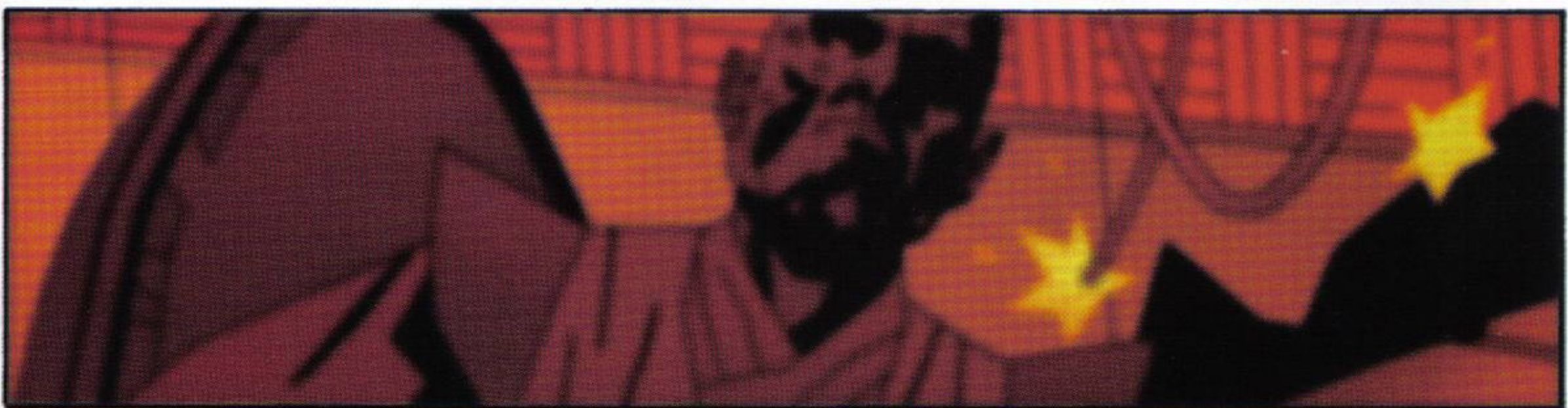














NEXT: ENEMY, MINE!

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NEXT ISSUE



ALSO THIS MONTH:



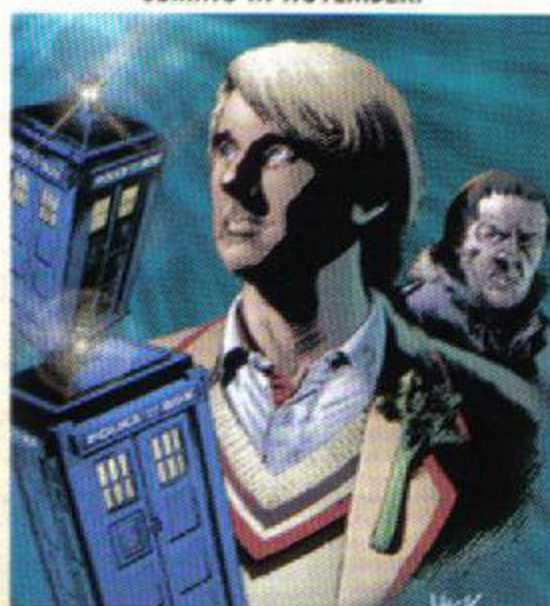
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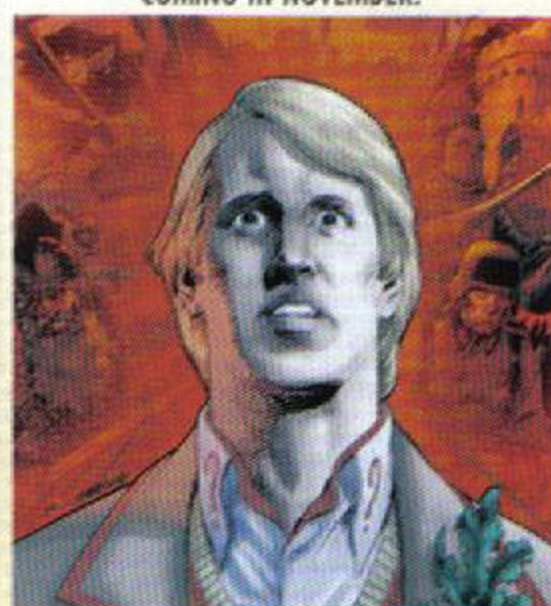
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BY TONY LEE AND MATTHEW DOW SMITH

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